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SIGMUND DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

{ CLUBS—FOR TERMS TO CLUBS SEE PROSPECTUS OF NEXT PAGE. }

DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXXIII. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JANUARY 28, 1854. WHOLE NO. 1696.

Choice Poetry.

THE FAIRIES.

[A nursery song, so called by the author, but a fine fairy lyric, and dashing with the spirit of poetry, as older readers will say. It is by William Allingham.]

Up the airy mountain,
Down the rushy glen,
We daren't go a hunting
For fear of little men;
Wee folk, good folk,
Trooping all together;
Green jacket, red cap,
And green mantle so fair.

Down along the rocky shore,
Some make their home,
They live on crispy pancakes
Of yellow tide-foam;
Some in the reeds
Of the black mountain lake,
With frogs for their watch-dogs,
All night awake.

High on the hill-top
The old King sits;
He is now so old and gray
He's nigh lost his wits.
With a bridge of white mist
Columbkill he crosses,
On his stately journeys
From Slieveleague to Rosses;
Or gaping up with noses
On council-days,
To sup with the Queen
Of the gay Northern Lights.

They come into Bridget
For seven years long;
When she came down with
Her friends, were all gone.
They took away her speech,
Between the night and morrow,
They thought that she was dead also;
But she was dead with sorrow.

They have kept her ever since
Deep within the lakes,
On a bed of flag-leaves,
Watching till she wakes.

By the craggy hill-side,
Through the mosses bare,
They have planted thorn-trees,
For pleasure here and there.
Is any man or woman
To dig or cut is spite,
He shall find the thorntree set
In his bed at night.

Up the airy mountain,
Down the rushy glen,
We daren't go a hunting
For fear of little men;
Wee folk, good folk,
Trooping all together;
Green jacket, red cap,
And gray-mantle so fair.

Original Novelet.

THE BRIDE OF THE WILDERNESS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY EMERSON BENNETT,
AUTHOR OF "ORELLA," "CLARA MORRISON," "FORREST HALL," "PRAIRIE FLOWER," "KATE CLARENDON," "TRAITOR," ETC., ETC., ETC.

[Entered according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1854, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER VII.

SCENES OF THE WILDERNESS.

Though Major Hargrave, with his family, had taken possession of their new dwelling, so mercilessly torn from the possessors, it was not the work of a day finished to the satisfaction of all parties. There were the various bedrooms and the logs to be snugged with clay; a floor to be put in overhead, so that the negroes could have a separate sleeping apartment; furniture to be constructed, though never so rough and homely; a shelter to be made for the horses; and, in fact, a thousand various minor articles; pegs to be driven into the logs, on which to hang different garments; and many other things, which had to be done, which we will not weary the reader by enumerating.

The Major, however, with an eye to the future, did not give these matters very serious attention; in other words, did not attend to them closely to the neglect of his out-door occupation. From day to day, his wife, Gertrude, her son Colin and Dick, worked steadily at the latter, falling trees, occasionally upsetting a stump, and burning over the ground, to get it ready for cultivation; and after dark, for a couple of hours, and on rainy days, they employed themself and assisted in putting the finishing touches to the interior of the cabin.

A month's labor made quite a change in the appearance of the immediate locality which the Major had fixed upon for a permanent residence. The knoll, by the time, was completely cleared of trees and brush, down to the point where the stream widened, and bent to the south to form the Monongahela, whence the Major had thought of cutting a channel to the creek. The soil had been somewhat broken up, and a few potatoes had been planted with corn, potatoes, beans, pumpkins, squashes, and a few other vegetables. All the cleared ground was now under cultivation, with the exception of a small space on each side around the dwelling, and a space about the whole wide, leading thence to the forest.

But there was a lack of wild beasts in that quarter, particularly wolves, which sometimes made night hideous with their howlings, the Major had not calculated on when he pitched, just back of the cabin, into which the horses were driven at night, and secured with strong fastenings. In the morning, each of them as were not wanted in the harness for hauling, ploughing, and so forth, were turned out to feed, and to graze along the banks of the streams, where they found enough to satisfy their hunger without wandering too far.

Nevertheless, so much had been done, and the Major was that, comparatively speaking, he was very comfortably fixed, he, with his negroes, still kept to work a few more, and leave the rest to their own devices, and, after scanning each portion of these as he thought he might want to use for the present season, he turned his steps and turned them on the ground; and then into the log-house, and planned it with more care, to continued to do till the season became too far advanced for planting, and the weather too bad for such labors out-of-doors.

Meantime, the interior of the cabin had been completed; and it really looked quite neat and comfortable, considering of what simple materials it was composed. In one corner stood a bedder, which had been made by Gertrude and in the corner opposite, at the same end of the building, stood Colin Clive's pantry, so she called it, which consisted of a few shelves and pegs, some culinary utensils, some pewter dishes, some cold chests, and a great deal of imagination. The other end of the cabin was shut from view by a partition made of bark-cloth. This was Gertrude's sleeping apartment, and contained, besides her own, most of the family clothing, neatly hung up on pegs driven into the logs. A few shelves had been put up in here also, on which were arranged a few of her favorite books, with smaller articles of value and use which she had brought with her. It contained, moreover, a side-table, a three-legged stool, and a small mirror; and was, altogether, quite as comfortable and cozy a little sleeping-room as the more showy and elaborate would perhaps be to have. The entry of the cabin displayed a large slab-table for family use, a few benches, and other articles of furniture, and pegs along the walls, all occupied with guns, powder-horns, pouches of hunting, depending from the ceiling, suspended four good rifles, with bullet pouches and powder-horns to match.

Now fancy the household all assembled, while and black, to the number of ten persons—all plainly and coarsely dressed, in materials which had come through the hand-loom, or been procured from the skin of some wild animal—the only such light upon them as could get in through the open door, the window of ground logs, and down the chimney—or, if night, stream upon them from some lighted pine-knot—and, all, too, as grouped as to represent almost every imaginable attitude—and you have much a picture of the interior of Major Hargrave's cabin in the wilderness, as was presented to the view more than once in every twenty-four hours.

In their new home, the Hargraves found themselves in immediate want of many things which time and labor only could supply; and even then but poorly supply, if compared with the comforts of a long settled country, where each one may live by following a single occupation. Here, shut out from the world, as it were, they are that, for a long time, they would have to depend wholly upon themselves. It is true, they knew their nearest neighbor was but seven miles off; but they were not, and had not prospered for it as well as they could: and until they got here, and got settled, so to speak, did they realize, in the full sense, how much they had depended upon others all their lives. They had been dependent on the general body that he is independent of his fellows, let him look carefully to the list of wants which may arise in the wilderness, or have some such one may live by following a single occupation. Here, shut out from the world, as it were, they are that, for a long time, they would have to depend wholly upon themselves. It is true, they knew their nearest neighbor was but seven miles off; but they were not, and had not prospered for it as well as they could: and until they got here, and got settled, so to speak, did they realize, in the full sense, how much they had depended upon others all their lives. They had been dependent on the general body that he is independent of his fellows, let him look carefully to the list of wants which may arise in the wilderness, or have some such one may live by following a single occupation.

We say begin by saying, that, for the time being, they did not want clothes, because they had brought a good stock with them; but should they remain there, they would soon want more of them; and how was the want to be supplied? They could go and buy of the cloth, but there was no store in all that region—consequently, to prepare themselves against a time of need, they now wanted to spend the time in which it was made—clothed—wool and flax. Wool comes from sheep—sheep always want pasture, and though these might have been procured of some neighboring settler, within a circuit of twenty or thirty miles, that was a plenty, which would just now make it a risky venture, so we will not say impossible, but the fodder might prove insufficient for the horses, two of those of which sense of necessity he kept over he wants to be raised, and which he had not but the present season, because all the grain was required for corn and vegetables, on which to live.

Well, granted they could get wool and flax in abundance, they had to be carded, spun, and woven, ere they were to be cloth; and to make them into—such, the one case, and such, the other, weighed and butchered, and took he upon such terms. Under these circumstances, spinning-wheels were a thing of the wilderness for them to be brought with them; but the loom itself must be constructed, and the wool and flax carded and the spinning and weaving be done by his wife, Gertrude, or Aunt Chloe—for there was no one else to be employed, either as carpenter or weaver. And when the cloth should be ready, they must make it, and a tailor—and there was no tailor, nor mantua-maker, in that part of the country.

Neither was there a hatter for the head, nor a shoemaker for the feet; but skins of wild animals could be tanned, and moccasins, which, though not altogether fashionable for the streets, were very comfortable for camp and log-cabin, on which to live.

Well, granted they could get wool and flax in abundance, and have the cloth manufactured, and in their new state be clothed

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, JANUARY 28, 1854.

ALL THE CONTENTS OF THE POST ARE SET UP EXPRESSLY FOR IT, AND IT ALONE. IT IS NOT A MERE REPRINT OF A DAILY PAPER.

TERMS, &c.

The terms of the POST are $2, if paid in advance—$3, if not paid in advance. For $5 in advance, one copy is sent three years. We continue the following low terms to Clubs, to be sent in the city to one address, and in the country to one Post Office:

4 Copies, ...	$5,00	Per Annum.
8 " (and one to the getter up of the Club,)	$10,00	"
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ADDITIONS TO CLUBS.—Any person having sent the money and names for a Club, may add new names to it at the same rate, provided the latter will allow their subscriptions to end at the same time those of the main list do. We will willingly supply the back numbers if we have them. Our object is to have all the subscriptions in each Club, end at the same time, and thus prevent confusion.

The Money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. When the sum is large, a draft should be procured, if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount.

Post-Masters or others sending for Clubs, would confer a favor by having them sent to one address, when they can do so conveniently.

A NEW ARRANGEMENT.—Our subscribers will take notice that we now have no collecting agents, out of this State. They will therefore please remit to us direct.

All persons addressing letters to us should be careful to give the name of the State, as well as of the town, in which they live. *All letters must be post-paid.*

Subscribers wishing their papers changed, will please give the name of the Post-Office to be changed *from*, as well as the Post-Office they wish it hereafter sent to.

We trust our old friends the Post-Masters, will exert themselves and get up large Clubs; or if they do not feel inclined to take advantage of our liberal offers themselves, that they will show our Prospectus to other influential and responsible persons who will be willing to do so.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

Our contributors will be the following brilliant array of writers—with all of whom positive arrangements have been made:

Mrs. Southworth, Emerson Bennett, Grace Greenwood, Mrs. Denison and Fanny Fern.

We are now publishing, according to promise, the original novelet of

THE BRIDE OF THE WILDERNESS.

Written expressly for the Post, by EMERSON BENNETT, author of "Viola," "Clara Moreland," "The Forged Will," &c. Back numbers, containing the opening of the story, will be sent to new subscribers until farther notice.

This novelet we design following by another called

THE STEP MOTHER.

By MRS. MARY A. DENISON, author of "Home Pictures, numerous Domestic Sketches, &c.

We also have the promise of a number of

SKETCHES BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

Whose brilliant pen will be almost exclusively employed upon the Post and her own little paper for children.

We have made arrangements also for a series of articles from a new star in the literary horizon,—whose scintillations have been hailed with delight by thousands. They will be entitled a

NEW SERIES OF SKETCHES.
BY FANNY FERN.

MRS. SOUTHWORTH, whose fascinating works are being rapidly republished in England, also will maintain her old and pleasant connection with the Post. The next story from her gifted pen will be entitled,

MIRIAM, THE AVENGER:
OR, THE FATAL VOW.

In addition to the above splendid array of Novelets and Sketches—we have made arrangements for the usual supply of Foreign Correspondence from Europe, &c. This will include a series of LETTERS FROM DEMARARA, by MRS. DENISON, descriptive of the manners, customs, scenery, &c., of British Guiana. MR. DENISON, American Consul to British Guiana, also has promised us some letters descriptive of that portion of the South American world.

Engravings, Choice Selections, Agricultural Articles, the News, CONGRESSIONAL REPORTS, &c., &c., shall be given as heretofore. And in view of the above attractions, involving a large outlay of money, we feel emboldened in asking a continuance of that warm and hearty support which we have received from our readers in years past. It needs but a proper recommendation of the Post to neighbors and friends, to swell up our list during the coming year, to the grand total of one hundred thousand subscribers. With less than that number we are resolved now not to be satisfied.

THE USURY LAWS.

A respected contemporary of this city, in advocating a repeal of the Usury Laws, says:—

It is manifestly no more just or desirable to determine arbitrarily the rate of interest, than it would be to limit the rate of insurance or the prices of any article of merchandise.

Our contemporary overlooks the great distinction between merchandise and money:—money is a certain description of commodity, which the State has determined shall constitute the currency of the country; and which it has ordered may always be required in payment of debts, whether the debtor would prefer some other species of commodity or not. The State having thus given an additional value to gold and silver, by making them the money and "legal tender" of the country, acquires a reasonable right to pass laws guarding against oppression on the part of those possessing them. When those who contend that there is no difference between money and merchandise, will take the latter as readily as the former from their debtors, in payment of their notes, then we will admit the justice of their argument.

Now, suppose the usury laws were abolished. Could not the banks, by means of a mutual understanding, put up the price of money to their borrowers, as a general thing, to eight and nine per cent.? And could not the great mass of other capitalists, as easily get eight as six per cent. for money loaned on bond and mortgage?

It may be said that a great deal is loaned now both by banks and other capitalists, at unlawful rates. We grant this—but the usury laws probably are not oftener violated than the laws against theft and personal violence. And if any of these laws were repealed, the effect would be to make that system of abuses general which is now only partial. The assertion that there would be less usury if there were no laws against it, is about parallel to the assertion that there would be less theft, if the laws against theft were repealed.

We are amused often to hear individuals who have no objection to taking usurious interest whenever they can get it, exclaiming against the banks for doing the same thing. But while we do not justify the banks for such violations of their charters, we do not see that they are much worse than private capitalists, who also set the usury laws at defiance, as relics of old fogyism. We like a little consistency in these matters.

But, say some, we do not wish the usury laws repealed so far as the banks are concerned. But, why not? If the principle of the usury laws is false, it is as false as applied to bank lenders, as to private lenders. Whatever may be done unlawfully, you cannot expect that any legislature will sanction the borrowing of money from the banks by rich capitalists at six per cent., for the purpose of loaning it to poor men at ten and twelve!

But you say, it is not reasonable to lend money to one man as cheap as to another—as one man is more reliable than another. And so some poor fellow, struggling hard to get along, is saddled with an additional five or six per cent., and thus utterly disabled from succeeding in his business. Better, say we, that a poor man should be able to borrow nothing, than thus be weighed down with a heavy load of additional interest, just because he is a poor man.

POSTMASTERS' SALARIES.—We call the attention of our readers to a letter respecting the compensation of Postmasters, in another column. We have not examined very closely into the subject; but it would seem to be clear enough, that, if double work is done now, the pay at least should not be less than formerly. The office of Postmaster is a very responsible one, and the compensation should be kept sufficiently high to enable the Department to procure the services of men of undoubted intelligence and integrity.

A CORRECTION.—In Fanny Fern's article, "Boarding House Experience," a couple of provoking little errors occurred. "Peter Schemil" was printed *Peter Schemiel*; and the sentence, "enjoyed themselves in the interim," printed enjoyed themselves in the *interior*.

New Publications.

NEW BOOKS.

OUTLINES OF THE GEOLOGY OF THE GLOBE, AND OF THE UNITED STATES IN PARTICULAR. With two Geological Maps, and Sketches of Characteristic American Fossils. By Edward Hitchcock, D.D., LL.D., President of Amherst College. Published by Phillips, Sampson & Co., Boston; and for sale by A. Hart, Philadelphia.

MRS. PARTINGTON'S CARPET-BAG OF FUN. The genuine Mrs. Partington writes to us that she has had no hand in getting up this work, and that none of the profits will be received either by herself or her hopeful son and heir, Ike; we therefore nail it to the counter. Published by Garrett & Co., New York.

THE LOST PRINCE; Facts tending to Prove the Identity of Louis the Seventeenth, of France, and the Rev. Eleazar Williams, Missionary among the Indians of North America. By John H. Hanson. Published by G. P. Putnam & Co., New York; and for sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, Philada.

THE WORKS OF JOSEPH ADDISON. The third volume of this complete edition has been issued by G. P. Putnam & Co., New York. It is embellished with an engraving of Magdalen College, Oxford. For sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia.

THE LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW—American edition. Published by Leonard Scott, New York; and for sale by Zieber, Philadelphia.

THE GENTLEMAN'S AND LADIES' MONTHLY MAGAZINE OF FASHION. Published by James H. Chappel, Philadelphia.

AMERICAN JOURNAL OF MEDICAL SCIENCE. Published by Blanchard & Lea, Philadelphia.

OUTLINES OF ANATOMY AND PHYSIOLOGY FOR POPULAR USE. By Frederick Hollick, M. D. Published by T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia.

THE PARTISAN. A Romance of the Revolution. By W. Gilmore Sims, author of "The Yemassee," &c. New and revised edition. Published by Redfield, New York, and for sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia.

HENRIETTA TEMPLE. A Love Story. By B. D. Israeli, M. P., author of the "Young Duke," &c. Published by T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia.

JOHN: OR, IS A COUSIN IN THE HAND WORTH TWO COUSINS IN THE BUSH. BY EMILY CARLIN, author of "The Rose of Thistleton," "Woman's Life," &c., &c.

A very pleasant, lively novel—one of the cheerful, chatty kind. From a slight perusal, it impresses us much more favorably than a former work, which we have seen, by the same author. Published by the Appletons, N. Y.; and for sale by T. B. Peterson, Phila.

THE BEARD AND MOUSTACHE MOVEMENT.

Our readers have heard, probably, that the conductors, engineers, &c., on the Railway trains in England, have lately almost universally taken to beards and moustaches, on the plea of promoting their health. The above represents some of the alarming consequences of so doing.

RAILWAY GUARD.—"Now, ma'am, is this your luggage?"

OLD LADY (*who concludes she is attacked by brigands.*)—"Oh, yes! gentlemen, it's mine. Take it—take all I have; but spare, oh, spare our lives!!"

Foreign Letter.

SKETCHES OF TRAVEL.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The Splendid Roads over the Mountains—The Result of Wonderful Skill—Perseverance and Enormous Expense.

No tourist among the Alps, whether he travels on foot or adopts the scarcely more expeditious plan of patronizing the post-coach or the stellwagon, can fail to look with admiration upon the excellent roads that thread the most famous mountain-passes, and gratefully recognize the skill and perseverance of the engineer who has brought all the resources of his profession to contend with the obstacles which nature has put in his way. In Switzerland, where the mountain-passes, like the peaks, have considerably greater elevation than in Tyrol, these displays of human genius are more frequent, but even in the latter country they are by no means despised. While in Tyrol, with but a single exception, none of the great highways reach an elevation of more than five thousand feet above the sea, in Switzerland they pass over ridges not much less than seven thousand feet high, an elevation considerably above that of the highest peak of the Blue Ridge. Still, though Tyrol in the main must acknowledge the supremacy of Switzerland in regard to great Alpine roads, she can point to one within her limits, that over the Stelline (?) Pass, which is without a rival for the boldness of its conceptions, the skill and care bestowed upon its construction and maintenance, the astonishing difficulties which it overcomes, and the sublime and exciting scenery through which it passes. The day that I spent upon it was too full of varied and absorbing interest to allow the occasion of it to pass without a more extended notice.

This road is part of the nearest line of communication between Innsbruck and Milan, passing over the Stilfser Joch, at the height of nine thousand two hundred feet, more than twenty-five hundred feet higher than the road over the Simplon, or the St. Gothard, and fifteen hundred feet higher than the great pass of St. Bernard. Until this road was constructed, these lofty regions were only reached by the chamois and his intrepid hunter, the outlawed smuggler, or the adventurous tourist. Now, a smooth turnpike, such as one seldom sees in America, leads over it, and heavy teams follow each other patiently through its many windings. For several months in the year it is impassable, except by sleds, and often in the middle of summer the snow lies many feet deep upon it. In winter, when it is passable only by the pedestrian, and by him not without danger, notwithstanding the precautions which the wisest foresight has taken to prevent it, it is the prey of the frost and snow; and in the spring, of the avalanche. Every summer exposes mighty ravages which the elements have made, and which must yearly be repaired at an enormous expense. The bulwarks, which have been raised to defend it against the avalanche, are on the most gigantic scale. Wherever one is known to descend, long galleries are erected, with walls of enormous thickness, and with roofs of massive masonry, sloping so as to facilitate, not resist, the descent of the snowy mass. In other places the road is carried through tunnels in the mountain itself. In a section of four miles, on the southern side of the summit, there are several such galleries and tunnels, having an aggregate length of two thousand two hundred feet. Besides these, in many places where mountain-torrents or inconsiderable snow-slides bring down masses of stone, stoutly constructed sheds protect the road from injury. It is only for a comparatively short distance, and that not in the highest regions, that these precautions are necessary. The road lifts itself above their aid, into the cradle of the avalanche, where the sleeping child is harmless.

The demands of the traveller in times of difficulty and danger are provided for, and at short intervals, there are stations where one may find shelter. They are long and gloomy-looking buildings, offering accommodations for man and beast, not indeed tempting to a holiday traveller, who crosses on a fine summer day, but friendly enough for him who faces a suddenly aroused snow-storm. Many of these cantonments are now in ruins. The devastations of the sad year eighteen hundred and forty-eight, extended even to these heights, and in the contests between the Austrians and Italians, they were burned, and the road suffered in many respects much injury. The Austrian Government has not yet rebuilt them.

The protections against the elements form but a small part of the labor bestowed upon this highway. To me, by far the most interesting feature, was the manner in which the steep ascent is overcome. It is true, it is nothing but the extended application of the method adopted elsewhere, of winding up in zig-zags, but here it is introduced upon a colossal scale. On the south side, at a distance of not more than six miles, in a straight line, an ascent of four thousand feet is overcome. On the north, where the ascent is steeper, four thousand five hundred feet are overcome in less than four miles. But in the immediate neighborhood of the summit, the steepness of the ascent is still more remarkable. After descending through thirty of these zig-zags, which look like U's long drawn out, and a little twisted, you look back, and the summit is scarcely a mile behind you, in a direct line, while the carriage road stretches out to a distance of five miles. The extremities of the legs of these U's are often so close together, that you can throw a stone with the greatest ease from one to another, and the pedestrian, by steep footpaths which connect them, may often ascend, in two minutes, a distance that would require ten minutes upon the road. I can give in no way a better idea of the average meanderings of the way, than by saying that from Santa Maria on the Italian side, at an elevation of eight thousand two hundred feet, to Trafoi on the Tyrolese side, a trifle over five thousand feet high, the carriage road measures sixteen English miles, but an active pedestrian, accustomed to mountain-climbing, without making any great exertion, and taking abundant time for rest and to look about him, may cross in two hours and a quarter, and a half of that time he will walk upon the road.

And what spirit has summoned such a work into existence? Not mild Commerce, uniting the nations, but fierce War, dividing them. Commerce was satisfied with one track, worn by the feet of mules, but War must have a causeway, where squadrons might march and artillery rumble.

Italy must be protected from the lawless demands of France, and from the lawful demands of her own sons, and the home of the vulture and the wild goat was invaded, and the path of the avalanche barricaded.

The work of man here wins, but does not monopolize our admiration. Nature comes in for her share, I had almost said, the lion's share. The natural obstacles which taxed the skill, the genius, the courage of the engineer, are objects which the traveller looks upon with wonder and awe. The passage through the long and narrow defile upon the southern side, in the shadow of the gray bare mountain, with here and there a dwarf pine or a tiny moss, and at last without the trace of life upon it, is full of gloomy grandeur. At the summit the desert of naked rock changes to a broad panorama of snowy mountain peaks, with huge glaciers lying in their deep valleys. The view of the Ortles Spitze, the lord of this dreary realm, of the magnificent and beautifully varied glaciers that lie around him and of the distant mountains, is inconceivably grand. Then at the height of more than nine thousand feet, you look down into the ravines and see the snow and ice of ages, stretching down into the valley which lies three thousand feet below you.

My excursion over the Stelline (?) was made after seeing almost everything that is considered worthy of notice on the Rhaetian and Noric Alps. I had been upon two of the most remarkable glacier fields of Tyrol, and had the day before crossed another, less known, less extensive, but not less interesting; but the pleasure I experienced in this tour surpassed everything that I had previously enjoyed. The way offers a concentration of all the sublime features which a lofty mountain tour can give, and is attended with so little inconvenience that any traveller may enjoy it. A road unsurpassed for excellence, is prepared for him who must ride, and he who can walk may revel in that unrestrained freedom vouchsafed to none but the pedestrian.

The way through the valley, after you leave the higher regions, is interesting in a different way. The steep hillsides, as every where else in Tyrol, are cultivated thousands of feet above you, and the little villages perched above the fields seem almost ready to slide down upon you. At intervals all along the road you catch glimpses of the Ortles with his hood of snow.

Long before sunset I stopped to rest my weary limbs, and had quarters with a fine lookout upon the region I had left. I saw the Ortles lit up and glorified by the setting sun, and crowned with a silver crown by the mild rays of the moon, as she rolled up the eastern sky. In the morning, my first thoughts were among the mountains, and I watched to see the early rays of the sun fall upon them, and had one of those gorgeous landscapes that I had supposed were fictions of artists, but which I found to be real. The whole forenoon, as my way was towards the north, the giant among his compeers was behind me, summoning me with irresistible voice to turn again and again, and gaze upon their majesty. At last, with the regret that one feels when he parts from a friend, I took a parting look at the glorious picture, committed it to my treasure-keeper, Memory, and passed behind the projecting ridge that hid it from my sight.

C. G.

Clippings.

Oh! we are querulous creatures! Little less
Than all things can suffice to make us happy:
And little more than nothing is enough
To discontent us. *Coleridge.*

☞ The criterion of true beauty is, that it increases on examination; if false, that it lessens. There is something, therefore, in true beauty that corresponds with right reason, and is not merely the creation of fancy.—*Lord Greville.*

☞ They have gold halves and quarters of dollars in California. The quarters can be seen with a microscope.

☞ We once heard a Vermonter express his opinion of a person in the following style of the classics:—"I could take," said he, "the little end of nothing and whittle it down to a point, punch out the pith of a horse hair, and put in forty thousand such souls as his, shake them up, *and they'd rattle!*"—*New York Atlas.*

☞ Prepare yourself for the world, as the athletæ used to do for their exercises; oil your mind and your manners, to give them the necessary suppleness and flexibility; strength alone will not do.—*Chesterfield.*

☞ If the world were intended for a house of mourning, every flower would be painted black, every bird would be a crow or a blackbird, everybody would be born a negro, the ocean would be one vast ink-pot, a black veil would be drawn over the face of heaven, and an everlasting string of crape hung round the borders of creation.

☞ "It is a terrible thought to remember that nothing can be forgotten. I have somewhere read, that not an oath is uttered that does not vibrate through all time, in the wide-spreading currents of sound—not a prayer lisped, that its record is not also to be found stamped on the laws of nature by the indelible seal of the Almighty's will."

☞ A dashing and fashionable widow threatens to sue some gentleman for a breach of promise, merely to let the "fellers" know she is in the market.

☞ Professor Norton has well said that the laboratory alone is pretty sure to go wrong, when it attempts to prescribe rules for practice. The chemist must go into the field and study actual experience, if he would serve the farm effectually. Those who theorise only, rarely become wise or reliable teachers in any department of knowledge.

☞ A vender of patent medicines in New Bedford courageously heads his advertisement, "Not afraid to take his own bitters."

☞ The oldest fire-arms are the arms of an ardent young lady. We may add, in a whisper, that they are frequently the most dangerous.

☞ The artist who is painting a landscape on a political canvass, intends to have it framed with wood from some of the logs rolled by the politicians.

☞ The man who "threw up" a bargain, came near having his hat crushed when it came down.

☞ A nosegay is easily obtained. Four brandy toddies a day for a couple of months, will put you in the way of one that will astonish all your friends.

☞ It may not be generally known that the human hair (light hair,) held up to the sun, presents all the phenomena of the prism, giving the various colors of the rainbow. Isolated hairs will give at their end the circle, colored as the rainbow. The hair, therefore, is proved to be triangular, and possessing the properties of the prism.—*Nat. Intel.*

☞ EARTHENWARE AT SEA.—In the stormy ocean every vessel is a pitcher.

☞ A VEGETARIAN GLUTTON.—An individual named Hannibal, residing in Broadway, N. Y., consumes daily four hundred pounds of hay and three bushels of oats, washing the same down with four barrels of water. He makes a dessert of cakes, apples, &c., the free offerings of his juvenile friends. This moderate feeder is thirty years old, weighs eleven thousand pounds and is eleven feet high. He is the largest elephant in America.

☞ We often hear and read of the stubborn nature of the Dutch; in one instance, particularly, where two old Dutchmen, residing on opposite sides of a narrow street in Amsterdam, sat face to face, in front of their doors, for a quarter of a century, smoking in the afternoon, without ever speaking a word to each other during that space of time.

☞ The duties of man are of two classes, active and passive, and it is the part of wisdom to attend to this distinction, so as to see that to suffer well is as great a thing as to do well, because it is alike pleasing to God and profitable to the sufferer.

☞ A friend in Philadelphia informed us a short time ago, that some relatives from the country lately paid his family a visit, and remained several days; and that they brought with them a fine loin of veal and a pair of chickens. They were received with the usual welcome, and the presents with the usual thanks; but the surprise was not a little, when their relatives were about leaving, to have a *bill* presented for the veal and chickens!—*Germantown Telegraph.*

☞ AN UNPROMISING OLD LADY.—The *Sunderland Herald* states, that the whole of the ladies of the village, who were voters, with one exception, voted against Mr. Elliot in the Houghton contest. One of them, entering the polling place with Mr. Hopper, was about to record her vote, when Rev. Alfred Lee exclaimed, "That old lady, Mrs. Shield, promised me to vote for the amendment." Bridling up, she responded, with a look of scorn, "I never gave a promise to any man in my life." (Roars of laughter.)

☞ Moonshine and nonsense somehow always go together. Let young folks go out after Miss Luna is "round," and they are sure to say and do all sorts of foolish things. Miss Pedge is sensible enough when the moon is off, but the moment the silver lantern is hung out, she hankers after promenades, Mr. Ruffles, Jr., sangarees, horseback jaunts, and kindred follies. The moon must be fenced in.

☞ A slave has but one master; the ambitious man has as many as there are persons whose aid may contribute to the advancement of his fortune.

☞ A collier of Blackbraes, near Falkirk, has been drowned in *three inches* of water; having fallen into it face downwards, while very drunk.

☞ It is a mistake to suppose that a young lady who allows you to kiss her at a party "only because it's in the play," would object to your doing so under other circumstances.—*Boston Herald.*

☞ A lady who was visiting one of the churches in New York, commenced singing the hymn which was given out, when the sexton crept softly to her and told her that in that church "*the choir done all the singing.*" The lady afterwards remarked to a friend, that the church had better strike from her liturgy, "Let the people praise Thee, oh, Lord, let *all* the people praise Thee!"

☞ Poetry reveals to us the loveliness of nature, brings back the freshness of youthful feelings, revives the relish of simple pleasures, keeps unquenched the enthusiasm which warmed the spring-time of our being, refines youthful love, strengthens our interest in human nature, by vivid delineations of its tenderest and softest feelings, and, through the brightness of its prophetic visions, helps faith to lay hold on the future life.—*Channing.*

☞ John Avery Parker, who lately died in New Bedford, leaving a fortune of over a million of dollars, was, when a young man, warned out of the town of Westport, for fear he would become chargeable to the town.

☞ "A SWEET SERMON."—These were the words by which a short time since we heard a certain discourse characterized. Sweet apples are good, and sweet oranges, but sweet sermons have a smack of confectionery about them, not altogether to our taste.—*Portsmouth Chronicle.*

☞ Few that have attained longevity have passed a life of celibacy; indeed many of those whose lives are quoted, have been married often—and it is curious that in many instances the man and wife have died within a very short time of each other; thus showing, that whilst in all probability the mode of life adopted was conducive to health, the pleasures of domesticity and companionship were not less so.

☞ "In this journey of life," writes excellent Thomas Godfrey, in his Itinerarium, now so rarely seen, "when I come to our festivals and high holy days, it seems to me like unto the arrival of pilgrims of old toward the Holy Land at the religious houses of their entertainment, marking their progress to Jerusalem, as well as giving strength and repose for the farther travel!"

☞ An exchange paper remarks—and we quote the expression as applicable to all localities, that every well regulated family ought to have at least one baby in it—just for the fun of the thing.

☞ SEVERE.—"She has destroyed my hopes forever!" exclaimed an infatuated gentleman. "How?" inquired his friend, sympathetically. "By *realizing them*," rejoined the happy one.

☞ When you hear a girl earnestly talking about whiskers, moustaches, and the set of a man's vest, put it down that her heart has begun to yearn towards corduroy and the joys of matrimony.

☞ "How dreadfully that cigar smells!" exclaimed Cushing to a companion, "why, it's an awful smelling thing." "Oh, no, it's not the cigar that smells," was the reply. "What is it then?" inquired Cushing. "Why, it's your nose that smells, of course; that's what noses are made for."

☞ The spirit of the world encloses four kinds of spirits, diametrically opposed to charity. The spirit of resentment, spirit of aversion, spirit of jealousy, and the spirit of indifference.—*Bossuet.*

☞ Mr. and Mrs. Uria Clark are giving a series of Shakspearian entertainments at Hope Chapel, New York, on a somewhat novel plan. The lady reads the speeches of the female characters, and the gentleman those of the male.

General News.

NEW YORK REWARDS TO THE SAN FRANCISCO RESCUERS.—The Common Council have tendered Captain Creighton, of the Three Bells, the use of the Governor's Room, City Hall, to receive the congratulations of the public, on Thursday next. The Captain accepts.

The Committee appointed by the merchants to receive subscriptions for suitable testimonials to Capt. C. and the other gallant men who aided in rescuing the passengers from the San Francisco, reported to-day $17,350 had been raised.

The following appropriations of the funds were then made:

To the Captains of the Three Bells, Antartic and Kilby, $2,500 each, and a gold watch. To the first mate of each vessel $250 each, and a gold watch. To each of the second mates $200 and a gold watch. To each of the officers, $100 and gold medal. To each seaman, $50 and silver medal.

To the Captain of the Lucy Thompson, a service of plate worth $1,000. To the first mate, $250. To the second mate and petty officers, half as much as to the same officers of the other three vessels.

To Capt. Watkins, of the San Francisco, a service of plate to cost $1,000. To the first engineer, $500 and a gold medal.

To Lieutenant Murray, a service of plate valued at $1,000.

To the first officer of the San Francisco $250 and a gold medal; to the second officer $100 and a gold medal; to the sailors of the Lucy Thompson $25 each.

The plate committee was authorised to call a public meeting for the presentation of the same.

ADULTERATION OF DRUGS AND MEDICINES.—At the commencement of the present session of Congress, a report from the U. S. Surgeon General was presented, from which it appears that the adulteration of drugs and medicines is carried on more extensively in the country since the passage of the act of Congress to suppress the importation of such articles, so that it is now alleged to be difficult to procure medicines which are not either mixed with some foreign substance, or from which some portion of the active principle has not been subtracted by chemical process. Thus it would seem that the effort to suppress the foreign trade has resulted in imparting an extraordinary stimulus to the home manufacture of the spurious commodities.

THE END OF KOSZTA.—We understand that the far-famed Martin Koszta is now in this city in a state of utter destitution. An application has been made to us, on his behalf by a friend of his, for a petty clerkship in our establishment, worth five dollars a week. We are sorry to say that we have no vacancies; but surely between Commander Ingraham and Mr. Marcy, solely and entirely out of Koszta, something might be done for the poor fellow. He has raised two men to a pinnacle of fame they never could have reached without him; is he to be left to starve himself? Who wouldn't be a patriot.—*New York Herald.*

THE ERIE DIFFICULTIES.—It is stated in despatches received from Erie, that no further opposition will be offered to the carrying out of the decisions of the courts. Indeed, it is understood that the New York companies, in view of the bill annulling the charter of the Franklin Canal Company, (in which the House will probably soon concur,) have offered terms of compromise likely to lead to a settlement of all disputes.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:

SATURDAY, JANUARY 28, 1854.

Congressional News

THIRTY-THIRD CONGRESS. FIRST SESSION.

SENATE.

On the 16th, Mr. Pearce offered a resolution, directing the Committee of Naval Affairs to inquire into the expediency of making some suitable acknowledgment by the United States to the officers and crews of the British ship Three Bells, and the American vessels Kilby and Antarctic, for their heroic conduct in rescuing the passengers of the steamer San Francisco.

Mr. Shields offered a substitute, directing the Secretary of War to lay before the Senate all the authentic information in relation to the wreck of the San Francisco, and all the information in relation to the rescue, &c.

Messrs. Gwin, Shields, Mason, Butler and Houston continued the debate, after which Mr. Pearce's resolution was adopted, and also Mr. Shield's resolution.

Mr Dixon gave notice of an amendment to the Nebraska bill, by repealing that part of the act admitting Missouri, which prohibits slavery north of 36 30.

Mr. Clayton resumed his remarks upon the Clayton Bulwer treaty, in reply to the speech of Mr. Cass. At the conclusion, the Senate went into Executive session, and then adjourned.

On the 17th, Mr. Douglas gave notice that on Monday next he would move to take up the Nebraska Territorial Bill.

Mr. Sumner presented a petition from New York, signed by men eminent in all the various walks of life, amongst whom are William and John Jay, and ...

...show the constitutionality of levying them by a general system, justified by the words of the clause itself; secondly, by the history of the formation of the Constitution; and thirdly, by its contemporaneous and practical exposition. He maintained that tonnage duties will insure economy in taxes, a economical application of the funds, and will restore the Government to its original Republican principles.

A long discussion then took place as to the New York Hards, Softs, &c., of very little general interest. In the course of it, Mr. Bayley, of Va., announced his invincible determination "to congratulate whom he pleased, without respect to the gentleman from New York, or the President himself!" At which noble exhibition of independence, the members cried "Good, good!"

On the 20th, after some speeches upon the New York quarrel, the House adjourned.

General News.

Later From Europe.—War Inevitable.—Breadstuffs Up.—The Niagara brings Liverpool dates to the 7th,—one week later.

Turkish affairs are becoming more and more complicated, and a general European war is considered almost inevitable.

The Paris correspondent of the London Times reports 70,000 Frenchmen as ready for the Turkish camp whenever required. The War Department states that the number of men available to bear arms in the event of a general war, is 1,250,000 for the land service.

It is the current rumor in political circles that the Czar continues to tempt Napoleon to desert his English alliance, and offers to consent to the annexation by France, of Belgium and Egypt. The Czar also promises to abandon the Bourbon cause.

The French papers state authentically that the French Government is dissatisfied with the evasive conduct of Austria and has addressed a strong remonstrance, intimating that a further secession from the proceedings of the other powers will be taken as meditated hostilities on the part of Austria, the result of which she must be prepared to abide, and that France will extend aid to Hungary, Italy, &c.

The Paris papers report that the Czar has given orders for the immediate preparations for crossing the Danube, which forbids the hope of his acceptance of the last note agreed to by the Western Powers.

The Russians have occupied the frontiers of ...

NEWS ITEMS.

A young man in California, whose friends at home had neglected to write to him for a long time, adopted the expedient of sending letters to various business men in the neighborhood, inquiring the prices of land and stock, what he could buy a handsome farm of 200 or 300 acres, &c., intimating that he had large sums to invest. By return mail, he received no less than seven letters, all anxiously inquiring after his health, when he was coming, &c., and has received three or four every mail since, including some very warm ones from an old and very cold sweetheart.

A man in Wisconsin has obtained a verdict of $6,800 from the proprietors of a line of stages for injuries sustained by the upsetting of the stage, in 1850.

The city of New Bedford is to be lighted with oil instead of gas hereafter, as a matter of economy.

The timber seized since July 1, on the Wisconsin and Chippewa rivers, as having been feloniously cut on Government land, amounts to sixty millions of feet, and is valued at from $200,000 to $500,000.

The Supreme Court of Pennsylvania has affirmed the decision against the Pittsburg omnibus drivers for driving on Sundays.

An application has been made for a patent upon an improved mode of regulating the water level in steam boilers, which consists in the addition to the ordinary force pump, of an escape pipe which leads from the feed pipe back to the suction pipe, and is furnished with a valve, which is controlled by a float in the boiler, in such a way that when the water in the boiler is at or below the desired level, the valve is closed, and all the feed-water is thrown in the boiler, but if the water should rise above the desired level ...

Spontaneous Matrimony.—In Portland, recently, a young lady was sent out by her mother to buy a pair of shoes. She did not return, and nothing was heard of her for several days. A few days since a man brought back the mother's shawl, and informed her that her missing daughter, who wore it away, was his wife.

Judah Touro died recently at New Orleans, leaving a fortune estimated at from one to one and a-half millions of dollars. It is reported that the bulk of it is bequeathed to public institutions of that city.

POLITICAL NEWS.

Pennsylvania Legislature.—The bill repealing the charter of the Franklin Canal Company has been passed, it was amended so as to make it unlawful for any railroad or other company to construct another road along the route, or in a direction from Erie to the Ohio State line, without authority from the Legislature; and all authority given to any corporation for that purpose, direct or implied, is repealed. It passed by an unanimous vote, with the exception of Mr. Buckalew, who declined voting.

Rhode Island.—The bill for the repeal of the liquor law, and to substitute the license system with no liquor to be drank on the premises, was laid on the table in the State Senate, by a vote of 17 yeas to 7 nays.

Georgia.—The Legislature of Georgia have had five ballots for United States Senator, without making a choice. The last vote stood: Dawson 96, McAllister 93, and McDonald 34. The election was then postponed.

The Missouri Compromise.—Documents are in circulation at New York calling a meeting of citizens against the repeal of the Missouri Compromise and legalization of slavery in the ...

[illegible]

The Markets.

PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

[illegible]

THE STOCK MARKET.

[illegible]

Marriages.

[illegible]

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[illegible]

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[illegible]

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[illegible]

HOT CORN! HOT CORN!

[illegible]

GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE

[illegible]

HOT CORN; LIFE SCENES IN NEW YORK ILLUSTRATED.

BY SOLON ROBINSON.

WITH EIGHT ILLUSTRATIONS.

Price, Cloth Gilt, $1 25.

Our orders have now reached

THIRTY-SEVEN THOUSAND,

of which we have supplied 27,000, and are consequently 10,000 copies behind; but if our friends through the country will bear with us a little longer they will soon be supplied, as we have now TWO SETS OF STEREOTYPE PLATES at work with TWO PRESSES on each, and consequently, we hope, will soon be able to supply the demand.

The encomiums of the Press from all parts of the country would fill a volume. No book, not even Uncle Tom's Cabin, ever met with a more enthusiastic welcome.

The following extract from the Publishers' Preface will give an idea of the object of the work:

The growing taste for works of this kind—works intended to promote temperance and virtue, to lift up the lowly, to expose to open day the hidden effects produced by Rum, to give narratives of misery suffered by the poor in this city—has induced the Publishers to offer liberal inducements to the author to use his powerful pen, and words of fire, to depict his "Life Scenes," and embody them in a volume, which, we are satisfied, will prove one of the most acceptable to the moral portion of the community, ever published. It is a work of high tone, that must do good. The peculiar style of the author is as original as the tales of truth which he narrates. It is unlike that of any other author, and every page is full of fresh interest and thrilling narrative.

As a temperance tale, it has no equal. As such, we hope it may prove but the commencement of a series. As an exposé of the life among the poor in this city, it will be read with deep and abiding interest in all parts of this country. It is a work for the fireside of every family; a book that commends itself to the heart.

No one who has read the "Hot Corn Stories," as they appeared in The Tribune, but will rejoice to have the opportunity to possess them, and many more like them, all complete and connected, in one handsome volume, such as we now offer.

To a moral and religious public; to all who would promote temperance; to all who would rather see virtue than vice abound; to all who have a heart to feel for other's woes; to all who would have their hearts touched with sympathy for the afflictions of their fellow creatures, "Life Scenes," as depicted in this volume, are respectfully commended, by THE PUBLISHERS.

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$1,000 FOR ONE.

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HARDWARE.

[illegible]

S. M. HOPPER. GOLD LEVER WATCHES.

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LADIES' FURS.

[illegible]

FITS! FITS! FITS!

[illegible]

REMOVAL AND CHANGE.

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1,000 BOOK AGENTS WANTED

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1,000 DOLLARS A YEAR!

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LIVER COMPLAINT,

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DOCTOR HOOFLAND'S CELEBRATED GERMAN BITTERS,

[illegible]

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, JANUARY 28, 1854.

ALL THE CONTENTS OF THE POST ARE SET UP EXPRESSLY FOR IT, AND IT ALONE. IT IS NOT A MERE REPRINT OF A DAILY PAPER.

TERMS, &c.

The terms of the POST are $2, if paid in advance—$3, if not paid in advance. For $5 in advance, one copy is sent three years. We continue the following low terms to Clubs, to be sent in the city to one address, and in the country to one Post Office:

4 Copies, ...	$5,00 Per Annum.
8 " (and one to the getter up of the Club,)	$10,00 "
13 " (and one to the getter up of the Club,)	$15,00 "
20 " (and one to the getter up of the Club,)	$20,00 "

ADDITIONS TO CLUBS.—Any person having sent the money and names for a Club, may add new names to it at the same rate, provided the latter will allow their subscriptions to end at the same time those of the main list do. We will willingly supply the back numbers if we have them. Our object is to have all the subscriptions in each Club, end at the same time, and thus prevent confusion.

The Money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. When the sum is large, a draft should be procured, if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount.

Post-Masters or others sending for Clubs, would confer a favor by having them sent to one address, when they can do so conveniently.

A NEW ARRANGEMENT.—Our subscribers will take notice that we now have no collecting agents, out of this State. They will therefore please remit to us direct.

All persons addressing letters to us should be careful to give the name of the State, as well as of the town, in which they live. *All letters must be post-paid.*

Subscribers wishing their papers changed, will please give the name of the Post-Office to be changed *from*, as well as the Post-Office they wish it hereafter sent to.

We trust our old friends the Post-Masters, will exert themselves and get up large Clubs; or if they do not feel inclined to take advantage of our liberal offers themselves, that they will show our Prospectus to other influential and responsible persons who will be willing to do so.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

Our contributors will be the following brilliant array of writers—with all of whom positive arrangements have been made:

Mrs. Southworth, Emerson Bennett, Grace Greenwood, Mrs. Denison and Fanny Fern.

We are now publishing, according to promise, the original novelet of

THE BRIDE OF THE WILDERNESS.

Written expressly for the Post, by EMERSON BENNETT, author of "Viola," "Clara Moreland," "The Forged Will," &c. Back numbers, containing the opening of the story, will be sent to new subscribers until farther notice.

This novelet we design following by another called

THE STEP MOTHER.

By MRS. MARY A. DENISON, author of "Home Pictures, numerous Domestic Sketches, &c.

We also have the promise of a number of

SKETCHES BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

Whose brilliant pen will be almost exclusively employed upon the Post and her own little paper for children.

We have made arrangements also for a series of articles from a new star in the literary horizon,—whose scintillations have been hailed with delight by thousands. They will be entitled a

NEW SERIES OF SKETCHES.
BY FANNY FERN.

MRS. SOUTHWORTH, whose fascinating works are being rapidly republished in England, also will maintain her old and pleasant connection with the Post. The next story from her gifted pen will be entitled,

MIRIAM, THE AVENGER:
OR, THE FATAL VOW.

In addition to the above splendid array of Novelets and Sketches—we have made arrangements for the usual supply of Foreign Correspondence from Europe, &c. This will include a series of LETTERS FROM DEMARARA, by MRS. DENISON, descriptive of the manners, customs, scenery, &c., of British Guiana. MR. DENISON, American Consul to British Guiana, also has promised us some letters descriptive of that portion of the South American world.

Engravings, Choice Selections, Agricultural Articles, the News, CONGRESSIONAL REPORTS, &c., &c., shall be given as heretofore. And in view of the above attractions, involving a large outlay of money, we feel emboldened in asking a continuance of that warm and hearty support which we have received from our readers in years past. It needs but a proper recommendation of the Post to neighbors and friends, to swell up our list during the coming year, to the grand total of one hundred thousand subscribers. With less than that number we are resolved now not to be satisfied.

THE USURY LAWS.

A respected contemporary of this city, in advocating a repeal of the Usury Laws, says:—

It is manifestly no more just or desirable to determine arbitrarily the rate of interest, than it would be to limit the rate of insurance or the prices of any article of merchandise.

Our contemporary overlooks the great distinction between merchandise and money:—money is a certain description of commodity, which the State has determined shall constitute the currency of the country; and which it has ordered may always be required in payment of debts, whether the debtor would prefer some other species of commodity or not. The State having thus given an additional value to gold and silver, by making them the money and "legal tender" of the country, acquires a reasonable right to pass laws guarding against oppression on the part of those possessing them. When those who contend that there is no difference between money and merchandise, will take the latter as readily as the former from their debtors, in payment of their notes, then we will admit the justice of their argument.

Now, suppose the usury laws were abolished. Could not the banks, by means of a mutual understanding, put up the price of money to their borrowers, as a general thing, to eight and nine per cent.? And could not the great mass of other capitalists, as easily get eight as six per cent. for money loaned on bond and mortgage?

It may be said that a great deal is loaned now both by banks and other capitalists, at unlawful rates. We grant this—but the usury laws probably are not oftener violated than the laws against theft and personal violence. And if any of these laws were repealed, the effect would be to make that system of abuses general which is now only partial. The assertion that there would be less usury if there were no laws against it, is about parallel to the assertion that there would be less theft, if the laws against theft were repealed.

We are amused often to hear individuals who have no objection to taking usurious interest whenever they can get it, exclaiming against the banks for doing the same thing. But while we do not justify the banks for such violations of their charters, we do not see that they are much worse than private capitalists, who also set the usury laws at defiance, as relics of old-fogyism. We like a little consistency in these matters.

But say some, we do not wish the usury laws repealed so far as the banks are concerned. But, why not? If the principle of the usury laws is false, it is as false as applied to bank lenders, as to private lenders. Whatever may be done unlawfully, you cannot expect that any legislature will sanction the borrowing of money from the banks by rich capitalists at six per cent., for the purpose of loaning it to poor men at ten and twelve!

But you say, it is not reasonable to lend money to one man as cheap as to another—as one man is more reliable than another. And so some poor fellow, struggling hard to get along, is saddled with an additional five or six per cent., and thus utterly disabled from succeeding in his business. Better, say we, that a poor man should be able to borrow nothing, than thus be weighed down with a heavy load of additional interest, just because he is a poor man.

But the whole principle is wrong. A poor man, sober, honest and industrious, who has accumulated something, though not much, from his little earnings, is just as good—we say it understandingly, *just as good*—for a small amount, proportionate to his means, as a rich man is for a large amount, proportionate to his means. There is no greater risk in lending, or even in selling to one than the other—and no reason, but gross injustice, in making him pay a higher rate for all that he ought to be able to borrow or to buy.

But it is urged that men often have been saved from insolvency, by the obtaining of money for present needs, even at a very high rate of interest—money that they could not otherwise have procured. We grant it. But, on the other side, hundreds who ought at once to have called their creditors together, or made an assignment, have been able to keep afloat by the payment of usurious interest, until when at last the bubble did burst, the money-shavers had eaten up everything, and nothing was left for the creditors. These kind of cases are, we think, much more than an offset for the others. And, we must further bear in mind, in respect to the first class of cases, that solvent houses are often lured into a wild and speculative management of their business, by this very knowledge that money always can be procured by submitting to a heavy discount. If they had to trust to regular six per cent. capitalists to help them out of deep places, they would be more careful how they plunged into them.

But some say that interest really would be *lower*, if the usury laws were repealed. This is a strange kind of argument. Why there is no law now against taking either five, four, three, two or one per cent.—if capitalists cannot get more. The usury laws of England have not prevented the rates of interest from falling there, and why should our laws here. They only tend to prevent the scarcity of money from forcing its price too-high; not to prevent an over-abundance from reducing it too low.

In conclusion, we may say, that for all the arguments based upon the phrases, "supply and demand," "eternal laws of nature," "things will regulate themselves," &c.—and for these phrases into the bargain—we have but a limited respect. Like fire and water, they are "good servants but bad masters." This world, and its blind general laws of nature—material and human—are here; and man is here also to govern them. If there were a famine in this country, as there was once in Egypt, we should not, we imagine, allow half the people to be starved, so long as there were great granaries of breadstuffs about, for which the owners asked prices that would beggar all but themselves to pay. We guess our legislators would not allow the greed of man, and the niggardness of nature, and "the great laws of supply and demand," to "regulate" half our people out of existence.

And if we were to abolish all laws, things "would regulate themselves," we know, after a fashion. The bold and strong would trample upon the weak, and the weak would learn to submit to it. The cunning would deceive and cheat the credulous, and the credulous would either submit, or try to right themselves with the strong hand. Things will always "regulate themselves," we grant, in some fashion.

Now, what is Law? Law is simply an attempt to substitute for this confused and "natural" regulation of things, a harmonious regulation, in accordance with the precepts of Revelation and of the Highest Reason. As the farmer tames and brings into subjection the blind productive forces of the earth; so the statesman deals, or should deal, with the blind natural impulses and forces of humanity. He knows that, in any high view of the subject, things will *not* "regulate themselves." That the greed and selfishness of trade, as well as the angry passions, and still meaner impulses of society, need perpetual oversight, reproof and correction. And as violence has to have its barriers, beyond which it is not allowed to go; so covetousness also has to be guarded and restrained. Both alike often plead for liberty to "regulate things themselves;" but the wise legislator sees nothing so holy in either, that he should not force it to conform in a reasonable degree, to the claims of justice and humanity, and the general welfare of society.

WHAT PEOPLE LIKE.—We get very few complaining letters from our subscribers, about the editorial management of the Post, compared with the immense mass received; and yet these complaining letters themselves, are amusingly contradictory.

We suppose there is not one "celebrated author" that writes now or ever has written for the Post, but we could show him or her letters from our subscribers, denominating their contributions "trash" or "nonsense," and advising us to omit "the beginning, the middle, and the end of them." And on the other hand, we probably could show each of these authors, letters of the most eulogistic and flattering description.

Standing thus at head-quarters, and duly scanning and smiling over all these various and contradictory missives, we learn that it would be in vain to try to please everybody, *in every respect*. And as the next best thing to this impossibility of pleasing all in *all* things, we adopt the rule of endeavoring to please all in *most* things. From the highest taste to the medium taste—as for the *lowest* taste, we let that go, as fair prey for the "yellow covers"—we endeavor to have a large proportion for all. And, understanding our rule of action, we trust that any reader who does not fancy a particular author, or particular kind of reading, will content himself with the thought that, if it be distasteful to him, there are multitudes of others who are delighted with it, and would censure the editor very much were he to withdraw such precious morsels from them. A paper with large circulation can only continue so, by consulting the various tastes of large multitudes of men, rather than by catering exclusively for any class, however well-educated and highly refined that class may be.

CONSOLIDATION.—To the general joy the State Senate has passed the Bill consolidating the city and districts of Philadelphia. It now only remains for the House and Governor to do their parts, and we shall have a united Philadelphia—the largest city in extent of ground, and number of dwellings, in the Union; and not far behind any other in population.

Never, perhaps, was a measure more universally popular in our city and districts than this of Consolidation. Even those office-holders who fear they will not be able to loom out as largely in the united city, as they do now in their own little districts, are almost universally silenced by the loud voice of public approval. Some, no doubt, are secretly doing all they can to kill or maim the bill; but, if they are successful, never let them come before their outraged fellow-citizens, asking for an office either of honor or of profit. But they will not be successful—so we not only hope but believe.

FURTHER PROGRESS OF MR. MITCHELL.—Having settled the Erie troubles, as a beginning, Mr. Mitchell—the "patriot" Mitchell, as he is sometimes called—has defined his position on the Slavery question. He says:

"We are not abolitionists—no more abolitionists than Moses, or Socrates, or Jesus Christ. We deny that it is a crime, or a wrong, or even a peccadillo, to hold slaves, to buy slaves, to sell slaves, to keep slaves to their work by flogging, or other needful coercion. 'By your silence,' says Mr. Haughton, 'you will become a participator in their wrongs.' But we will not be silent when occasion calls for speech; and as for being a participator in the wrongs, we, *for our part, wish we had a good plantation well stocked with healthy negroes in Alabama.*"

THE DRESS OF MRS. SOULE.—The first reports about the "high-necked dress" were incorrect. Mrs. Soule, according both to M. Gaillardet, and Mrs. Soule's brother, in the Paris *Siecle*, wore "a robe of blue velvet, *low in the neck*, with flounces of lace made of gold thread, and on her head a *torsade a glands d'or*."

It appears that the Duke of Alba saw or fancied a resemblance between Mrs. Soule and the beautiful though somewhat corpulent M'lle Georges, who plays Margaret of Burgundy, in "La Tour de Nesle."

MELANCHOLY COINCIDENCE.—The ill-fated steamer San Francisco cleared from New York December 17th, and we find, on examining the Shipping List, that on the same day the following ships cleared, all of which met a similar fate: Ships Commerce, Singapore and Borneo, besides ship Saxony, dismasted, and put into Halifax.—*Boston Transcript.*

The 17th of December was a Saturday. Had it been a Friday, wouldn't the old sailors have shaken their heads—and talked about a sinful tempting of Providence?

THE SPIRITS.—It seems that a medium on East announced the safe arrival of the Staffordshire—stating that the account of her loss was a fabrication. This, however, did not keep the ship from sinking. One might think it would shake the faith of the believers a little, the perpetual failures of the spirits' predictions.

THE PHILANTHROPIST.—A new paper, under this title, has been commenced in this city. It is published by Joseph P. Sailer, and edited by James Ross. It is devoted to the support of our benevolent institutions, and the exposure of abuses which affect the poor.

☞ We would call the attention of our city friends, to the Gazette and Democrat, published at Little Rock, Arkansas, as an excellent advertising medium.

DEATH OF DR. BIRD.

Dr. Robert Montgomery Bird, one of the editors and publishers of the "North American," of this city, died of brain fever, on the morning of the 23d. He had been ill only about two weeks. Dr. Bird was born at Newcastle, Delaware, in 1803—and was therefore over fifty years of age. In early life he wrote the three tragedies, the Gladiator, Broker of Bogota, and Oralloossa. In the five years from 1834 to 1839, he published in succession, The Infidel, The Hawks of Hawk Hollow, Nick of the Woods, Peter Pilgrim, and the Adventures of Robin Day; when the small remuneration received at that period by authors, probably induced him to retire from the field of fiction. He has been concerned in the North American for several years past. We have always considered him a gentleman of undoubted intellect, considerable scholarship, and unspotted integrity.

THE UNION IN DANGER AGAIN.—Mr. Foote, of Mississippi—Ex-Senator, Ex-Governor—and now happily bound for California—recently delivered a speech to his friends in Washington, in the course of which he said:—

If he deemed this nation now in safety, he would not be there, but the conviction was conclusive in his mind that the country was again in peril—*even in more danger than it was three years ago.*

No, no, Mr. Foote—it will not do. The last time the Union was saved, it was saved for twenty years at least. Once in twenty years—we appeal to every sensible man, if it is not so?—is often enough to put everything in danger. My! but we had a narrow escape the last time. Mr. Foote, then in the Senate, rose and announced that the dissolution was fixed to come off the next day at eleven o'clock precisely—no postponement on account of the weather. But, through the urgent solicitation of all the great men then at, about, and within a compass of twenty miles around Washington, when it is supposed all got down on their knees before the implacable Senator, in one long line of illustrious woe, the fated hour of evil was postponed indefinitely. And now Mr. Foote is at it again—and the country is in "even more danger than it was three years ago."

A STEAM FIRE ENGINE AT LAST.—We are pleased to learn that a joint committee of our City Councils, have accepted a proposal made by Mr. Harrison, to construct a Steam Fire Engine. Mr. Harrison is to build it at his own expense, and it is only to be taken in case it answers the designed purpose as well as the engine now in use at Cincinnati. From Mr. Harrison's reputation as a successful machinist, we have little doubt of his complete success in what he has undertaken. And we have even less doubt, from his character as an exemplary member of society, that he will further guarantee his "machine" not to breed a riot at every fire it goes to, and "kick up a muss generally."

To the members of our City Councils, for the astonishing evidences of life and energy they have exhibited lately, we return, as one of the "organs" of public opinion, our profound thanks. They are a "stunning" evidence of the truth of that well-known and rather often quoted proverb, "While there is life, there is hope."

A BEAUTIFUL IDEA.—A principal in one of our Public Schools, it appears from the "Ledger," has been sending around Circulars to the parents of his pupils, which, when signed and returned, will authorize him to "inflict such punishment, corporally or otherwise," as may in his judgment be proper. The following answer proves that some of the parents are quite pleased with the idea:—

Dere Mr. Rattan—
Youar floggin cirklar is duely receaved. I hopes as to my sun John, you will flog him jist as ofteen as you kin. Hes a bad boy—is John. Allthough Ive bin in the habbit of techin him miself, it seames to me he will nevair lern anithing—his spellin specialy is outtragusly defficient. Wallup him wel, sur, and yu will receave my hurty thanks.
Yours truely
MOSAS SPANKER.
P. S. Wat accounts for John bein sich a bad scollerd, is that hes my sun by my wif's first husband.

ONE OF THE "OLD GUARD."—Mr. W. D. K., of New Berlin, New York, writes to us as follows:—

"Dear Sir—This is surely a '*progressive age*,' as is shown by the way the 'Post' has 'come up' since I first subscribed for it, about twenty-four years ago. It was then the best family paper, and has kept up with the times. Although I take a number of papers, I never thought I could spare the Post. When my eldest son left the paternal roof for the west, I ordered the Post for him; and now that my eldest daughter has 'gone forth from her father's house,' I enclose $2 for the Post for her. May your shadow never be less. May you get 1,000,000 subscribers.
"Respectfully, WM. D. K.
"P. S. The last number is a *gem*."

Our heartiest thanks are due to Mr. K. We consider it a great honor to be thus handed down from a father to his children. It is the greatest mark of confidence in a paper, that any men could give.

ANTI-BEDINI DEMONSTRATION.—About 4,000 persons, Americans and Germans, recently formed a procession in Cincinnati, and burned Bedini in effigy.

In the procession were several transparencies—one, "Down with Bedini," another side, "No Popery;" and on the third, "Pitch In." The second transparency had on it, "Love, Liberty and Humanity." The effigy of Bedini, which was full sized, in pontifical robes, and was borne on a platform, carried by eight men, was the chief object of attraction.

The procession this time, was uninterrupted by the officers—which was well. Though we cannot say that we think these burnings in effigy, to be commended either for their good taste or Christian spirit.

A PROCLAMATION.—The President has issued a Proclamation against the California Filibusters—who hold that when people do not improve their property, they have a right to take possession of it and improve it for them. The Proclamation is well; but the appointment of U. S. officers in San Francisco who would not shut their eyes when the law was being violated, would be better. It is almost impossible to doubt, from the accounts in the California papers, that the Government officers wink at the departure of these expeditions. A good, stiff letter of *advice* addressed to Uncle Sam's agents on the Pacific, would do more good than fifty proclamations—each as well written as the present.

A MODEL CONUNDRUM.—Conundrums—good ones, of course—are immortal. Therefore, to show that we have not the least feeling of enmity or bitterness at this present writing, against the venerable and popular editor of the Germantown Telegraph, we have taken the pains to embalm his name to the uttermost posterity, in the following conundrum—which is, we think, not only very tolerable of its kind, but, moreover, appropriate to the season:—

Why is the editor of the Germantown Telegraph like a certain little chap commonly called by the children, Jack Frost?

Because one is a Major Freas (freeze,) and the other a minor freeze.

HOW IS THIS?—What does the following mean? We commend it to those of the Gotham press, who have been contending for some weeks past that all the selfishness in the United States was concentrated in the single state of Pennsylvania.

The Committee on Roads in the Virginia Legislature have reported *adverse* to the petition of J. M. Miller and other citizens of the counties of Brooke and Hancock, asking the passage of an act authorizing the extension of the Pittsburg and Steubenville Railroad through the territory of Virginia; and the construction of a bridge across the Ohio River at or near Steubenville.

THE PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.—We see it stated that the passenger cars will commence running through the Tunnel on the Mountain section, on the first Monday in February—when passengers will be able to go from this city to Pittsburg "in twelve to fourteen hours." We think there ought to be a lightning train, however, for those who value speed above everything else—their own necks included—to travel the whole distance in from nine to ten hours. They average forty miles an hour on several of the New York roads—why not on the Central?

PARK BENJAMIN'S LECTURES.—Mr. Benjamin, of New York, is now delivering a short course of lectures in Philadelphia. This paper will reach our city readers in time to remind them that the Poem on "Money and Love" will be delivered on Friday, and the prose lecture on "Matrimony" on Saturday evening. Mr. Benjamin is an admirable lecturer—his matter and manner being alike excellent. The price of tickets to each lecture is 25 cts.—place, Musical Fund Hall.

DISSOLUTION, &c.—By a notice in our advertising columns, it will be perceived that the firm of Derby & Miller have been dissolved. J. C. Derby intends establishing himself at 8 Park Place, New York. The business of the old firm of Derby & Miller will be continued in Auburn and in Buffalo, under the firm of Miller, Orton & Mulligan, who purchase the entire list of Publications, Plates, Copyrights, Stocks, &c., of the old firm.

POSTMASTERS' SALARIES.—We call the attention of our readers to a letter respecting the compensation of Postmasters, in another column. We have not examined very closely into the subject; but it would seem to be clear enough, that, if double work is done now, the pay at least should not be less than formerly. The office of Postmaster is a very responsible one, and the compensation should be kept sufficiently high to enable the Department to procure the services of men of undoubted intelligence and integrity.

A CORRECTION.—In Fanny Fern's article, "Boarding House Experience," a couple of provoking little errors occurred. "Peter Schemil" was printed Peter *Scheniel*; and the sentence, "enjoyed themselves in the interim," printed enjoyed themselves in the *interior*.

New Publications.

NEW BOOKS.

OUTLINES OF THE GEOLOGY OF THE GLOBE, AND OF THE UNITED STATES IN PARTICULAR. With two Geological Maps, and Sketches of Characteristic American Fossils. By Edward Hitchcock, D.D., LL.D., President of Amherst College. Published by Phillips, Sampson & Co., Boston; and for sale by A. Hart, Philadelphia.

MRS. PARTINGTON'S CARPET-BAG OF FUN. The genuine Mrs. Partington writes to us that she has had no hand in getting up this work, and that none of the profits will be received either by herself or her hopeful son and heir, Ike; we therefore nail it to the counter. Published by Garrett & Co., New York.

THE LOST PRINCE; Facts tending to Prove the Identity of Louis the Seventeenth, of France, and the Rev. Eleazer Williams, Missionary among the Indians of North America. By John H. Hanson. Published by G. P. Putnam & Co., New York; and for sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, Philada.

THE WORKS OF JOSEPH ADDISON. The third volume of this complete edition has been issued by G. P. Putnam & Co., New York. It is embellished with an engraving of Magdalen College, Oxford. For sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia.

THE LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW—American edition. Published by Leonard Scott, New York; and for sale by Zieber, Philadelphia.

THE GENTLEMAN'S AND LADIES' MONTHLY MAGAZINE OF FASHION. Published by James H. Chappel, Philadelphia.

AMERICAN JOURNAL OF MEDICAL SCIENCE. Published by Blanchard & Lea, Philadelphia.

OUTLINES OF ANATOMY AND PHYSIOLOGY FOR POPULAR USE. By Frederick Hollick, M. D. Published by T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia.

THE PARTISAN. A Romance of the Revolution. By W. Gilmore Sims, author of "The Yemassee," &c. New and revised edition. Published by Redfield, New York, and for sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia.

HENRIETTA TEMPLE. A Love Story. By B. D. Israeli, M. P., author of the "Young Duke," &c. Published by T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia.

JOHN: OR, IS A COUSIN IN THE HAND WORTH TWO COUNTS IN THE BUSH. BY EMILY CARLIN, author of "The Rose of Thistleton," "Woman's Life," &c., &c.

A very pleasant, lively novel—one of the cheerful, chatty kind. From a slight perusal, it impresses us much more favorably than a former work, which we have seen, by the same author. Published by the Appletons, N. Y.; and for sale by T. B. Peterson, Phila.

Our Correspondents

COMPENSATION OF POSTMASTERS.

Since the publication of the Postmaster General's Report, considerable discussion has arisen in relation to the ultimate success of the Cheap Postage experiment. It is not my object, as least in this communication, to participate in that discussion. I wish, however, to call the attention of the press and the people to the fact that the Postmasters, especially at the medium-size offices, are not more than half-paid for the laborious and responsible services. No one has alluded to this defect, and the reason is, perhaps, that no one was aware of its existence but the Postmasters, who, being directly interested, feel a delicacy in urging the matter.

It is as proper that Postmasters should be paid for their services, as any other officers of Government. They have laborious duties to perform, and they bear a heavy responsibility. They deal with all kinds of people, and frequently, whilst in the faithful discharge of their duties, have they to suffer the unjust censure of those who hold them personally responsible for every failure and derangement of the mail-service.

It is impossible to narrate the injustice which Postmasters suffer, and to which they are daily exposed. The Postmasters do not ask remuneration for the unpleasantness thus occasioned, but they demand of their country a fair compensation for their arduous labors.

I have been connected with the Post-Office for several years, and I am familiarly acquainted with its duties. [illegible]

January, 1854.

London Scenes.

THE BEARD AND MOUSTACHE MOVEMENT.

Our readers have heard, probably, that the conductors, engineers, &c., on the Railway trains in England, have lately almost universally taken to beards and moustaches, on the plea of promoting their health. The above represents some of the alarming consequences of so doing.

RAILWAY GUARD.—"Now, ma'am, is this your luggage?"

OLD LADY (*who concludes she is attacked by brigands.*)—"Oh, yes! gentlemen, it's mine. Take it—take all I have; but spare, oh, spare our lives!"

Foreign Letter.

SKETCHES OF TRAVEL.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The Splendid Roads over the Mountains—The Result of Wonderful Skill—Perseverance and Enormous Expense.

No tourist among the Alps, whether he travels on foot or adopts the scarcely more expeditious plan of patronizing the post-coach or the stellwagen, can fail to look with admiration upon the excellent roads that thread the most famous mountain-passes, and gratefully recognise the skill and perseverance of the engineer who has brought all the resources of his profession to contend with the obstacles which nature has put in his way. In Switzerland, where the mountain-passes, like the peaks, have considerably greater elevation than in Tyrol, these displays of human genius are more frequent, but even in the latter country they are by no means despised. While in Tyrol, with but a single exception, none of the great highways reach an elevation of more than five thousand feet above the sea, in Switzerland they pass over ridges not much less than seven thousand feet high, an elevation considerably above that of the highest peak of the Blue Ridge. Still, though Tyrol in the main must acknowledge the supremacy of Switzerland in regard to great Alpine roads, she can point to one within her limits, that over the Stelloe (?) Pass, which is without a rival for the boldness of its conceptions, the skill and care bestowed upon its construction and maintenance, the astonishing difficulties which it overcomes, and the sublime and exciting scenery through which it passes. The day that I spent upon it was too full of varied and absorbing interest to allow the occasion of it to pass without a more extended notice.

This road is part of the nearest line of communication between Innsbruck and Milan, passing over the Stilfser Joch, at the height of nine thousand two hundred feet, more than twenty-five hundred feet higher than the road over the Simplon, or the St. Gothard, and fifteen hundred feet higher than the great pass of St. Bernard. Until this road was constructed, these lofty regions were only reached by the chamois and his intrepid hunter, the outlawed smuggler, or the adventurous tourist. Now, a smooth turnpike, such as one seldom sees in America, leads over it, and heavy teams follow each other patiently through its many windings. For several months in the year it is impassable, except by sleds, and often in the middle of summer the snow lies many feet deep upon it. [illegible]

... and the wild goat was invaded, and the path of the avalanche barricaded.

The work of man here wins, but does not monopolize our admiration. Nature comes in for her share, I had almost said, the lion's share. The natural obstacles which taxed the skill, the genius, the courage of the engineer, are objects which the traveller looks upon with wonder and awe. The passage through the long and narrow defile upon the southern side, in the shadow of the gray bare mountain, with here and there a dwarf pine or a tiny moss, and at last without the trace of life upon it, is full of gloomy grandeur. At the summit the desert of naked rock changes to a broad panorama of snowy mountain peaks, with huge glaciers lying in their deep valleys. The view of the Ortles Spitze, the lord of this dreary realm, of the magnificent and beautifully varied glaciers that lie around him and of the distant mountains, is inconceivably grand. Then at the height of more than nine thousand feet, you look down into the ravines and see the snow and ice of ages, stretching down into the valley which lies three thousand feet below you.

My excursion over the Stelloe (?) was made after seeing almost everything that is considered worthy of notice on the Rhaetian and Noric Alps. I had been upon two of the most remarkable glacier fields of Tyrol, and had the day before crossed another, less known, less extensive, but not less interesting; but the pleasure I experienced in this tour surpassed everything that I had previously enjoyed. The way offers a concentration of all the sublime features which a lofty mountain tour can give, and is attended with so little inconvenience that any traveller may enjoy it. A road unsurpassed for excellence, is prepared for him who must ride, and he who can walk may revel in that unrestrained freedom vouchsafed to none but the pedestrian.

The way through the valley, after you leave the higher regions, is interesting in a different way. The steep hillsides, as every where else in Tyrol, are cultivated thousands of feet above you, and the little villages perched above the fields seem almost ready to slide down upon you. At intervals all along the road you catch glimpses of the Ortles with his hood of snow.

Long before sunset I stopped to rest my weary limbs, and had quarters with a fine lookout upon the region I had left. I saw the Ortles lit up and glorified by the setting sun, and crowned with a silver crown by the mild rays of the moon, as she rolled up the eastern sky. In the morning, my first thoughts were among the mountains, and I watched to see the early rays of the sun fall upon them, and had one of those gorgeous landscapes that I had supposed were fictions of artists, but which I found to be real. The whole forenoon, as my way was towards the north, the giant among his compeers was behind me, [illegible]

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, JANUARY 28, 1854.

Congressional News

THIRTY-THIRD CONGRESS. FIRST SESSION.

SENATE.

On the 16th, Mr. Pearce offered a resolution, directing the Committee of Naval Affairs to inquire into the expediency of making some suitable acknowledgment by the United States to the officers and crews of the British ship Three Bells, and the American vessels Kilby and Antarctic, for their heroic conduct in rescuing the passengers of the steamer San Francisco.

Mr. Shields offered a substitute, directing the Secretary of War to lay before the Senate all the authentic information in relation to the wreck of the San Francisco, and all the information in relation to the rescue, &c.

Messrs. Gwin, Shields, Mason, Butler and Houston continued the debate, after which Mr. Pearce's resolution was adopted, and also Mr. Shield's resolution.

Mr Dixon gave notice of an amendment to the Nebraska bill, by repealing that part of the act admitting Missouri, which prohibits slavery north of 36 30.

Mr. Clayton resumed his remarks upon the Clayton Bulwer treaty, in reply to the speech of Mr. Cass. At the conclusion, the Senate went into Executive session, and then adjourned.

On the 17th, Mr. Douglas gave notice that on Monday next he would move to take up the Nebraska Territorial Bill.

Mr. Sumner presented a petition from New York, signed by men eminent in all the various walks of life, amongst whom are William and John Jay, and Senator Hale, praying that Congress would take the necessary steps to separate the General Government from all connection with slavery or the slave trade. He said, as this subject belonged exclusively ...

... show the constitutionality of levying them by a general system, justified by the words of the clause itself; secondly, by the history of the formation of the Constitution; and thirdly, by its contemporaneous and practical exposition. He maintained that ... duties will ... economy in taxes, a ... application of the funds, and will restore the Government to its original Republican principles.

A long discussion then took place as to the New York Hards, Softs, &c., of very little general interest. In the course of it, Mr. Bayley, of Va., announced his invincible determination "to congratulate whom he pleased, without respect to the gentlemen from New York, or the President himself!" At which noble exhibition of independence, the members cried "Good, good!"

On the 20th, after some speeches upon the New York quarrel, the House adjourned.

General News.

LATER FROM EUROPE.—WAR INEVITABLE—BREADSTUFFS UP.—The Niagara brings Liverpool dates to the 7th,—one week later.

Turkish affairs are becoming more and more complicated, and a general European war is considered almost inevitable.

The Paris correspondent of the London Times reports 70,000 Frenchmen as ready for the Turkish camp whenever required. The War Department states that the number of men available to bear arms in the event of a general war, is 1,250,000 for the land service.

It is the current rumor in political circles that the Czar continues to tempt Napoleon to desert his English alliance, and offers to consent to the annexation by France, of Belgium and Egypt. The Czar also promises to abandon the Bourbon cause.

The French papers state authentically that the French Government is dissatisfied with the evasive conduct of Austria, and has addressed a strong remonstrance, intimating that a further secession from the proceedings of the other powers will be taken as meditated hostilities on the part of Austria, the result of which she must be prepared to abide, and that France will extend aid to Hungary, Italy, &c.

The Paris papers report that the Czar has given orders for the immediate preparations for crossing the Danube, which forbids the hope of his acceptance of the last note agreed to by the Western Powers.

The Russians have occupied the frontiers of Austrian Wallachia, from Orsova to Cronstadt, and the troops have been permitted to make purchases within the Austrian territories.

It is reported that the peasantry along the Danube, ...

NEWS ITEMS.

POLITICAL NEWS.

The Markets.

PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

NEW YORK MARKETS, JAN. 21.

THE STOCK MARKET.

Marriages.

Deaths.

Bank Note List.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

DISSOLUTION OF LIMITED COPARTNERSHIP.

BUSINESS ANNOUNCEMENT.

HOT CORN! HOT CORN!

GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE FOR FEBRUARY, 1854.

LAYS OF QUAKERDOM.

LADIES' INSTITUTE OF THE PENN MEDICAL UNIVERSITY OF PHILADELPHIA.

AGENTS WANTED.

REMOVAL AND CHANGE.

1,000 BOOK AGENTS WANTED

1,000 DOLLARS A YEAR!

HOT CORN; LIFE SCENES IN NEW YORK ILLUSTRATED.

BY SOLON ROBINSON.

WITH EIGHT ILLUSTRATIONS.

Price, Cloth Gilt, $1 25.

Our orders have now reached

THIRTY-SEVEN THOUSAND,

of which we have supplied 27,000, and are consequently 10,000 copies behind; but if our friends through the country will bear with us a little longer they will soon be supplied, as we have now two sets of stereotype plates at work with two presses on each, and consequently, we hope, will soon be able to supply the demand.

The encomiums of the Press from all parts of the country would fill a volume. No book, not even Uncle Tom's Cabin, ever met with a more enthusiastic welcome.

The following extract from the Publishers' Preface will give an idea of the object of the work:

The growing taste for works of this kind—works intended to promote temperance and virtue, to lift up the lowly, to expose to open day the hidden effects produced by Rum, to give narratives of misery suffered by the poor in this city—has induced the Publishers to offer liberal inducements to the author to use his powerful pen, and words of fire, to depict his "Life Scenes," and embody them in a volume, which, we are satisfied, will prove one of the most acceptable to the moral portion of the community, ever published. It is a work of high tone, that must do good. The peculiar style of the author is as original as the tales of truth which he narrates. It is unlike that of any other author, and every page is full of fresh interest and thrilling narrative.

As a temperance tale, it has no equal. As such, we hope it may prove but the commencement of a series. As an exposé of the life among the poor in this city, it will be read with deep and abiding interest in all parts of this country. It is a work for the friends of every family; a book that commends itself to the heart.

No one who has read the "Hot Corn Stories," as they appeared in The Tribune, but will rejoice to have the opportunity to possess them, and many more like them, all complete and connected, in one handsome volume, such as we now offer.

To a moral and religious public; to all who would promote temperance; to all who would rather see virtue than vice abound; to all who have a heart to feel for other's woes; to all who would have their hearts touched with sympathy for the afflictions of their fellow creatures, "Life Scenes," as depicted in this volume, are respectfully commended, by THE PUBLISHERS.

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"Our Trade," said the Fiend.

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INFORMATION WANTED

PHRENOLOGY.

HARDWARE.

T. S. ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE

S. M. HOPPER. GOLD LEVER WATCHES.

LADIES' FURS.

FITS! FITS! FITS! THE VEGETABLE EXTRACT PILLS, FOR THE CURE OF FITS, SPASMS, CRAMPS, AND ALL NERVOUS AND CONSTITUTIONAL DISEASES. CURING EPILEPSY, OR FALLING FITS.

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MORE HOME TESTIMONY.

Selected Poetry.

THE VOICES.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

"Why vage the long, unequal fight,
Where Truth has fallen in the van,
Or still mourn the outraged right,
Crushed out by the brazen millions?"

"Give o'er the thankless task; forsake
The fruits who know not ill from good;
Go, fetch water by rope and bucket,
Thou man among the multitude."

"Live not thyself, with others close
Thy purpose like an iron; ignore
The murderous cry one real air,
The life of death, or blight or blame."

"The miserable plan looks calmly on
The foes that scourge the plains below,
Her hands the eagle in the sun
The small birds piping in the snow!"

"The world is God's—not time; let Him
Work out a change, if change must be;
The hand that planted best can trim
And raise the old unfruitful tree."

So spake the Tempter, when the light
Of sun and stars had left the sky
Unmasked, through the cloud and night,
And heard, unthought, a voice reply:

"Thy task may well seem over-hard,
If we ourselves, in a thankless cell,
Thy life as soul, with no actual
Save that which Duty gives to Toil."

"Not wholly is thy heart assigned
To Heaven's keeping and just decree,
Thou hidest from thy own mind
Treasures their joys and griefs to thee."

"Dost of that sacred chain, and turn
Back on thyself thy love and care:
So then thine own mean idol, born
Faith, Hope, and Trust, thy children, there."

"Released from that fraternal law
Which shares the common lots and bliss;
The sudden lot amid Folly dare,
Or the protrude from Fate, thus this."

"The soul unshared is feel coldest;
Thou hoard'st in vain what love should spend;
Self-care is pain; thy only rest
In labor for a worthy end."

"A bit that grows with what it yields,
And sustains in its own increase,
And hears, while serving outward fields,
The harvest-song of inward peace."

"Free-lipped the liberal atmosphere ran,
Fair shone the air of the heathful day;
The still pool stagnates in the sun,
The found circle dies beneath decay."

"What is it that the crowd repels
Thy love with hate, thy truth with lies?
And but to hitch and wrong and wrong
The waits of Freedom's temple rise?"

"Let do thy work: it shall succeed
In time or in another's deed;
And, if denied the victor's meed,
Thou hast the better lot: the right."

"Faith shares the future's promise; Love's
Self-offering is a triumph won;
And each good thought in silence scores
The dark world sooner to the sun."

"Then taint not, father nor, nor plead
That weakness 'truth itself is strong;'
The lion's strength, the eagle's speed,
Are not theirs wholly but the wrong."

"The source, which, through fire and flood,
To place or gain finds out its way,
Hath power to melt the hidden good,
And duty's hatest call obey."

"What though in darkness and in doubt,
And losing oft the upward way,
Thou strivest with the fire without,
And sunny's traitor thought within!"

"As when upon some work of storm
The Sabbath morn shines calm and fair,
And from the hushed world the spirit turns
The curtains of its sun at prayer,"

"So, hopy, when thy sun shall rise!
The strong shall lose hold a right,
And all the weak-day darkness bind
With the long Sabbath of the night!"

National Era.

Original Sketches.

SKETCHES BY PANNY FERN.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

[Entered according to the Act of Congress, by Daniel Dunham, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

"WHO LOVES A SAINT DAY?"

The loved Editor: who, for one millennial day, in disguised feet, consents his sanctum exchange, stove and inkstand; who has time to hunt up delinquent subscribers; time to do cipher knowledge-box; time to answer the letters of a leaden of bad poetry; time to kick out lounge boys and pugnacious readers; time to settle the long-standing quarrel between Nancy the type-setter, and Bill the foreman, and time to write complimentary letters to himself for publication in his own paper, and to get up a new boasting Prospectus for the dear, confiding public.

Who loves a rainy day?

The crusty clergyman, who can face a sheet of paper, uninterrupted by dyspeptic Deacon Jones; or bald-headed brother Grimes; or cautious Mr. Smith; or the afflicted Miss Lydia Zephyr, who, for several long years, has been—or unable to find out the path of duty—for the ensigns old lady Baxter, who hopes her pastor will throw light on the precise locality of hell upon in the future state for idiots and them heathen who have never seen a missionary.

Who hates a rainy day?

The disgusted clerk, who, lost in the pages of some ear-impelling volume, forgets the petticoated destiny which relentlessly forces him to be called ordinary apparel—and hies said ribbon, for hanging duties, with empty brain and purse, whose "chief end" it seems to be to put him through an endless catechism.

Who loves a rainy day?

The tidy little housewife, who, in neat little bronchial cap and dress morning, over—sees the short-comings of careless cook and chambermaid; employs cupboard, cellars, closets and closets; disembowels old bags, old boxes, old barrels, old bags, old clothes; who, with her own dainty hand, prepares the delicate morsel for the dear, absent, toiling husband, or, by the cheerful nursery fire, sews on the missing string or button, or sings to soothing slumber, a pair of tinder eyes, whose every morning entertainment none but her girlish heart sway.

Who hates a rainy day?

I do! Let the rain fall; let the wind moan; let the leafless trees reach out their long arms, tormented fingers and lay naked to my unsanctified gaze on the coal; wheel up the arm-chair; all hail loose ringlets and loose dressing-robe. Not a blessed one or daughter of Adam can get here to-day! Unlock the old writing desk; overturn the old ledger. There's a fresh sheet with a ribbon blue as the eyes of the writer. Matrimony quenched their brightness!

[Concluded next week.]

[illegible] ago.

Irish help (?) and ongoing bains,
I agree in my, are among the say be?

And bribe is a particular sweet, and imparting Cambria—once intensely interested in the price of hemp and grenade sold: now, the restored and jolly owner of a gloomy house, a mistress, and six rollicksome responsibilities. Query: whether the mistress is married and a man who had died of a "broken head?"

Here is another package. Let the fire purify them; never my eyes know pale reader of the tombstone is sent him.

What fashioned toys. "Handwriting is an index of character?" Give him the cap and bells, and show him those told you mania. They were created by us in Vernon? Let me sketch the writer:—A blushing, smiling, timid, young little hairy, an eager desire to raise a row heart: with a step like the fall of a snow-flake, and a voice like the murmur of a brook in June. Four little knits: I am not ashamed to own a little gentle sleeper's, and receive at the instant destiny, and sends under the bridal blow, and women like—loves us!

And what have we here? A woman with a ribbon in it! Oh these Saturday and Wednesday acquaintances, with their bonded store of rags and candy—the loved, green meadow, with its fair old trees—the crazy old eating, and the bridal trundle in the garret—the wreath of oak leaves, the bunch of wild violets, the hairy cowslip, the little blue jacket, the musty shirt-collar, the curly, black head, with its not, blue eyes. Oh, dear love, compassionate, fancy-spouse and kissed relative here *go there!*

What is *this? only a pencilled drawing*; but it tells me of a shadowy wood—of a rippling [illegible] of a [illegible] of a mossy seat—of [illegible] of dark, meditative—of a voice [illegible] and low, and dwelling—of a vow [illegible] and true, and of a heart [illegible] made it. Little need to look at the pictured face to know that it is there. He knows me always as nothing. I, only my A pencil—this's little [illegible]

FANNY FERN.

Selected Articles.

CHOOSING A WIFE.

The following is told by a correspondent of Gleason's *Edinburgh Journal*, as a true story:

A young Norfolk farmer, on beginning life with a limited capital, found that two things were wanted to do justice to the large farm which he rented on a long lease—namely a wife to right the house of home, and an additional thousand pounds to invest upon the land. Like a sagacious man, he considered that the two might be found combined, and he began to look about for a cheerful lass with a decoy in the deadthousand interest. Accident threw him one day into company with the parson of a neighboring parish, with whom, as he rode home while returning from market, he fell into conversation. Encouraged by the divine, the youth unburdened himself of his cause and his plans, and mentioned the design he had formed of marrying as soon as he could find an agreeable lass with a moderate dowry.

"I'll tell you what," said the parson.—"I've got three daughters, and very nice girls they are, I assure you. Suppose you come and dine with me next market-day; you will meet them at the table; and if any of them should prove the 'inevitable she' you are in search of, I shall not be backward to do my part as fast as I can."

"Agreed," said the youth. "I'll come, as sure as you're alive, if you'll say nothing about it to the young ladies."

"That shall be a bargain. On Saturday next, then, we shall see you at dinner, at five." And here, their reels, diverging, the gentlemen separated.

At the appointed hour on the following Saturday, the young farmer, in handsome trim, descended from his gallowsy at the parson's door. Dinner was served a few minutes after, and the young ladies, with their mother, graced the table with their presence. All three fully justified the encomiums of the father; but the youngest, a rosy-faced, rapid, cheerful lass, just escaped from her teens, alone made a vivid impression on the young farmer. The repast progressed agreeably enough; and when it was ended, the ladies withdrew, leaving the gentlemen to chat over their wine.

"Well," said the host, "what do you think of my girls?"

"I think them all charming," said the youth —but the youngest—you call her Nelly—is really most bewitching and clever too; and if I can to learn the secret of being allied to you, you must give me her."

"That is against all rule," returned the host, "to take the youngest first; but of course I cannot control your choice. What dowry do you expect?"

"My capital," said the wooer, "is three thousand pounds, and I want a thousand more, and I care here it."

"I will give you a thousand with the eldest girl."

"No; the charming Nelly and the thousand, or I am off."

"That cannot be: five hundred with Nelly, if you like. The others are not half so handsome, and must have a fortune, or I shall never get them off."

"No, my resolution is fixed," said the youth, "and I shall not alter it."

"Nor I mind," said the parson, "and the affair is at a dead lock; so good bye to you, notwithstanding."

The conversation, which each person supposed to be strictly private, now fell into another channel. The ladies returned with the tea-things, and shortly afterwards the youth retired.

Evening came on, and towards sunset, the gala having strolled into the garden, the youth rose to take his leave. He found his nag in the stable, and having had his forward in his way through the shrubbery that led to the main road, he looked slightly to the right at the gate, when the rosy-faced Nelly darted forward to save him the trouble. He lifted the latch, she looked archly up in his face, and said —

"Don't you take my father's money?"

"Yes, by Jove, I will, if you wish it!"

"Then come over to church, to-morrow morning, and all like as after service you'll see the speaker vanished like an elfin sprite among the crowd.

Musing on the proverb which says, "wails have ears," the young farmer rode slowly home. He did not fail—how could he?—of attending at the church next morning, and after service was over, he saw the speaker vanish as mentioned. He married the fair Nelly three months afterwards; and she brought him in due course of years, a new of goodly size, from whom there are few at the present hour wiser in their generation, more worthy of more wealthy, in the whole of broad England.

HOW BIRDS MAKE SHOES AND MATS.—The

N. Y. Journal of Commerce is an interesting talk with Mr. Isaac Hasbrouck, of Connecticut, who gives the following account of the manner in which India Rubber shoes are made.

Contrary to the general impression, India Rubber, in the process of manufacturing, is not melted, but is dissolved in naphtha, and the rollers, the heaviest of which weigh twenty tons, and thus worked or kneaded as dough in a bakery. The rubber is nearly all procured from the mouth of the Amazon, in Brazil, to which place it is brought from the interior. Its form, upon arrival, is generally that of a jug or pouch, as the natives use clay moulds of that shape, which they repeatedly dip into the liquid caoutchouc, until a coating of the desired thickness is obtained, when the clay is broken and emptied out.

The rubber, after being washed, chopped fine, and rolled in a pasty-like consistency, is mixed with a compound of metallic substances, and then vulcanized, by the application of heat, in boiler of steam. These sheets designed for the sales of shoes are passed under rollers having a diamond figured surface. From these the soles are cut by hand, and the several pieces of the upper, which are also put through a process to flexible, on a last. The several adhesion of the rubber joins the seams. The shoes arenext varnished and baked in an oven capable of holding two thousand pairs, and heated to about three hundred degrees, or enough to vulcanize the upper without the sole. This is called the "calendering" process, by which the rubber is made smooth.

A large quantity of cotton cloth and cotton thread is used in the manufacture, and to give the surface of the rubber while it is yet in the sheets. Not a particle of any of these materials is lost. The scraps of rubber are boiled, and the bits of cloth are chopped up with a small quantity of rubber, and rolled out into a substance resembling pasteboard, to form the lower sole. The profits of this business have been somewhat exaggerated, but the most prevailing high price of rubber, which has varied within a large fact for in the single years per pound. The demand, however, is very large. A species of rubber shoe lined with flannel, is extensively used in some parts of the country, as a substitute for the leathern shoe.

TREATMENT OF COCOONS IN CEYLON.—A

member of the house of Spooner sent read a letter from correspondent, treating upon an improved system of working a coffee or sugar estate, with the intention of increasing the profits. His plan was to keep a well-paid agent in the low country, to offer high wages to labourers, and of course secure every man in the field. By the end of the month, great fault is to be found with the labour, which ends in there being discharged, minus their pay, and a fresh set taken on by the following agent, as the master of course, the blackguard go to the Assistant Judge, and he issues summonses that the labourers are compelled to go to work, the labor is secured, which, in due course, is discharged at the end of the month, to be succeeded by successively. But much the result? By a wise set of scenes, it takes an ordinary District Court Judge, to understand the system of the kind; should he, however, be so foolish as to listen long to the case, he sees at once which will give you two more. Now, by the time the first of these cases is decided, you are getting to work, and the proprietor must come out to meet the many claims against the whole for two or three years. Then the first instance with which my mind was filled but new, and I said a pleasure shudder over me! Must I do make his journey? Even so. Who shall say, that I may not then be tortured by such horrors—that I may not then look from my cabin on my people plain and undone work? I stand on a sea shore, where the waves are roars. They howls and fall, and I may little hear them: but, with every wave the sea is rising, and I know that it will float me on this varied ter's voyage at last.

☞ Never try to mend a joke after it is cracked.

Our Picture Gallery.

OMER PACHA, AT THE BATTLE OF OLTENITZA.

The above engraving is taken from a sketch by an English gentleman, who was present at the battle. The Turks having crossed to the number of four thousand the previous evening.

The Turks allowed these columns to advance well into the plain, and then the heavy batteries which were those Pacha's head (on the right bank) opened upon them; sent the batteries on the island; and then the guns in the entrenchment, which last were of small calibre, and only six in number. He says it was a tremendous sight to see the effect of the Turkish guns on the Russian columns the moment they had got the range. The Turks are inferior to the Russians in artillery, and they lose the columns to pieces. The whole action lasted four hours. The Russians retreated advancing, their great playing into the entrenchment, which was little more than breast high; but when they got close up the carnage was frightful, as the Turks had 300 armed with the Minie rifle, and drilled on the Chassepot-de Napoleon system, who picked them off at every shot, besides the incessant fire of grape which the Turks kept up. He says he saw the heavy shot and grape clearing regular alleys through the columns. He looked down and saw everything as clear as possible as if it were a review seen from a hill. He saw officer knocked down from his saddle, and instantly carried him for to the rear, and a carriage drawn up hastily and took him away. By the time the columns were within 200 yards, they halted; and Omer Pacha and every one expected to see them attempt to carry this low entrenchment with the bayonet, as they were three times the number of the Turks, but, after marching to within 20 yards of the narrow ditch—which my friend cleared at an easy jump, entrenchment and all, immediately after the action—they lazily turned tail and ran for it, the Turks giving them grape and musketry till they were out of sight. The Russians had about 15 guns with them the whole time, which did a good deal of execution, killing a few Turks and a good many horses—the latter, of course, standing higher than the parapet, for they had some irregular cavalry in the work. The Turkish artillery and musketry were kept up with a rapidity of fire that he could not have imagined. Omer Pacha is about 50 years of age, adored by his army, of great military acquirements and intrepidness, and a perfect Turk in coolness and presence of mind. The four hours of the action he sat cross-legged, with his long pipe in his hand; never at any moment changing a muscle of his countenance, and directing everything himself, by means of his interpreter, who stood beside him, and revealed in the entrenchment across the river in any order required. Several of the Spanish, and other foreigners in the Turkish service who were present, all agreed that they never saw anything so grand or so potent in the whole course of their experience: and perhaps no other action was ever seen so perfectly in all its details. The submission of the Turks was complete, when the Russians broke and ran. The cry of "God save the Sultan!" rose from the entrenchments, the island, and the whole Turkish army behind Omer. One thing speaks badly for the Russians: they are the oldest at picking their men on with their swords. to try to make them dash on, but they would not.

Wit and Humor.

THE FINE ARTS IN ARKANSAS.

One of the Arkansan papers tells the following anecdote of Washbourne, the portrait painter, and a young gentleman from New York:

Washbourne asked him if he wouldn't like to have his portrait painted.

"I dunno what a portrait is, stranger."

"A likeness—that's a portrait hanging up."

"Oh, a poster, you mean! Do folks pay you to make pictures for 'em, or do you make 'em for fun?"

"They pay me a little."

"Stranger, that ar picter is a lookin right straight at me wherever I go. How on the yeth do you make their eyes wall so?"

"It is very easily done."

"Stranger, do you reckon you could paint my picter? I would look right at a body just like that one?"

"Oh, very easily."

"Stranger, I'm a ridin the old vixt mare's filly, and she's a mighty skeery cuz, and shows more devilment than a human ever dreamed of, especially on a wild nag, and daddy gin me a bit to buy a new lookin glass, and I've got it home—daddy's got mighty proud of me on account of his new Eagle-frame of three kinds, stranger."

"I don't know; do you think I could get any painting to do over there?"

"I'm bound you'll get lots of it—Squire Carnahan, and Jake Todd, and Ebenezer Henderson, and Peter Bell and Reuben Sisney, and everybody clean down on the creek to main White River. Stranger, can you paint a gal pooty nigh natural?"

"Just as easily as I can a man."

"Well, if you can paint Becky Boyd's picter a lookin right at me, and then you must picter me a lookin right at Becky, and I'll die the picters you'll paint smack at one another. Beck 'll like it first rate! Stranger, could you make a picter of a man and a cotton boggin?"

"Yes, I can paint them doing almost any thing."

"I most s'pose that. Daddy was a tellin now he need a filler in Van Buren, a makin whiskey, and he reckoned he'd have to go there to have the lookin glass. He said the picters of the new Eagle-frame of three kinds said he polished the silver till it looked like a lookin glass. Daddy said the filler had a nose, and a mouth, and eyes, and ears, and that the filler rubbed it across the pure silver just like he was a-scrubbin a old pot, and he said daddy said he send a man set down and look right at the pure silver, and he hadn't set a minute before he forgot he was there and saw and saw behind a piece of cloth hung up, and when he was behind cloth he reckoned he was a fish, and the filler told him he was a fish, and he jumped right into the water after him; and him if smells made it stick, and the filler held him yes. Then when daddy come back he reckoned he'd make it stick, and the filler told